M.

Hadlay del

The Mountain Sylph.

HELA 'And ere she again see the day'
'This Steel makes eternal her sleep.'
(Hela sings the above while attempting to stab Eolia
Donald touches the dagger with the Golden Rose, it breaks.)
Act 2. Scene last.

London. Published by John Duncombe & Co 10. Middle Row Holborn.

Duncombe's Edition.

THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH,

A ROMANTIC GRAND OPERA,

IN

Two Acts.

THE WHOLE OF THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY JOHN BARNETT.

THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE PROMPTER'S BOOK;

To which is added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, SITUATIONS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—PROPERTIES AND DIRECTIONS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

London Theatres.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By Mr. Findlay, from a Drawing, taken in the Theatre.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Baillie Macwhapple..... ..... Mr. Aldridge
Donald, betrothed to Jessie..... ..... Mr. Wilson
Christie, his Rival ..... Mr. Oxberry.
Hela, Wizard of the Glen ..... Mr. H. Phillips

Eolia, the Mountain Sylph..... Miss E. Romer
Etheria, the Sylphid Queen ..... Miss Novello
Attendant Sylph ..... Miss Josephin
Dame Gourlie..... Mrs. Griffith
Jessie, her Daughter ..... Miss Somervllle

First Performed at the New Theatre Royal, Lyceum and English Opera House, on Monday, August 25, 1834.

COSTUME.

Baillie Macwapple—Old man's suit, plaid waistcoat.
Donald—Tartan dress, pouch and kilt, fleshings, shoes, Scotch cap, &c.
Christie—Red plaid dress, pouch, a fleshings cap, &c.
Hela—First dress, Dark plaid shape fleshings, buff boots. Second, Dark brown shape and trunks, light ditto. &c.
Witches—Have similar dresses to Hela.

Eloia—White fairy-like dress, wings, &c.
Etheria—Ditto, ditto.
Sylyhs—Ditto, ditto.
Dame Gourlie—An old Scotch woman's dress.
Jessie—Scotch peasant girl's dress frock trimmed and embroidered with plaid
Peasants—Ditto ditto.

THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of a Scotch Farm House, In the Flat, three large Glass Doors and a Staircase leading to the Upper Story, and also the entrance to the Cellar. To the left, a Door and a Window, to the right, a Rustic Chimney,*

DONALD *is discovered asleep in a large Arm Chair—Under the Window* CHRISTIE *is also asleep—A* SYLPH *is kneeling at the feet of* DONALD, *on whom she gazes with looks of impassioned tenderness, and expresses the pleasure she enjoys at being thus so near to him she loves. Through the Glass Doors* SYLPHS *are seen flitting backwards and forwards, who Sing the following Chorus.*

Chorus. Hush !
Sylph. Hush !
Chorus. We Sylphs, on noiseless wing,
Airy dreams to mortals bring;
In vision'd joys their senses steep,
And watch around them while they sleep.
Hush, hush !

SOLO—SYLPH.

Child of the air, as Zephyr free,
'Twas mine to soar on azure pinion;
Over mount, and over sea.
Ranging pleasure's wide dominion.
Now to win a mortal's love,
Near him still I fondly hover;
My foolish heart no joy can prove,
Like *this*—to watch my sleeping lover.

Don. (*In an agitated voice, and stretching out his Arms as if dreaming.*)
Oh, heavens ! [*The* Sylph *timidly retreats.*]
What soft enchanting nameless pleasures seem
My bosom to invade ! Or do I dream ?
[*The* Sylph *softly ascends to the back of the Arm-chair, and flutters her blue Wings over him to refresh the air.*]
Or see I yet the lovely form, more gay
Than dancing sunbeams ! Fly me not—oh stay !

[*The* Sylph *imprints a Kiss on* Donald's *Brow, who starts up.*]

ENSEMBLE.

Donald. Yes, 'tis her lovely form, more gay
Than dancing sunbeams! Fly me not—oh, stay!
Chorus. Come!
Sylph. Come!
Chorus. Where whispering breezes tell,
The butterfly's birth in the vi'let's bell.
The bee hums there its song of mirth,
As light we trip the daised earth.

[*During the ensemble* Donald *makes several efforts to detain the* Sylph, *but in vain. At the close of the Music she escapes through one of the Glass Doors.*]

Don. No, no—'twas no deceptive spell,
Her breath, like the rose-scented breeze, gently fell.
Her kiss, which might bosoms of marble inspire,
Still thrills through my frame—all my soul is on fire

Chr. (*Still asleep.*) Dang it, a bit of a kiss is no such great affair after all.

Don. (*Starting.*) Ah! I had forgotten him. Could *he* have seen her too! [*Calls.*] Christie! Christie!

Chr. (*Still half asleep*) Hola, there! Eh! [*Yawning.*]

Don. (*Impatiently.*) Did you see her? speak!

Chr. See her! don't I see her every night?

Don. (*Aside.*) *He* too!

Chr. And then she's such a loving body; 'tis a mortal pity she's not the same when a man's awake.

Don. I, too, might make the same complaint.

Chr. (*Yawning.*) Dang it! why did you waken me, Donald? She did smile so sweetly upon me, and my heart went thump—thump, for all the world like Sandy's flail in my godmother's barn.

Don. (*In a tone of vexation.*) Can it be possible, Christie, that you speak the truth?

Chr. Ah, you're jealous, mayhap.—Ah, ah! [*Laughing.*] and what think ye, man, she stooped down as I thought to kiss me.

Don. Pshaw!

Chr. (*In a doleful tone.*) I held up my cheek and she gave me———

Don. Well?

Chr. Such a ratling slap o'the face, that I was glad when I woke to find all my teeth in. Such a tingler!

Don. Fool! is it of Jessie you're speaking?—[*Aside.*]—He knows nothing.

Chr. Nae, but *she's* the fool though, dear pretty Jessie, to

think of marrying *you*, when I love her little finger better than you do her whole body.—[*Half crying.*]—'Tis a sin and a shame! me her sixteenth cousin too—and her mother my godmother—and this very day too! Oh, oh! [*Cries.*]

Don. To day! 'tis so indeed—[*Looks towards the spot where the* Sylph *had disappeared.*]—And shall I never see thee again? No, no, I must not even wish it; thou art but a blissful vision—a beauteous chimera: and I, Jessie, must think of love and thee.

Chr. (*Looking towards the Door.*) Oh, dear! oh, dear! here she comes! blushing like a rose, and her eyes so mild—and 'tis all for him. Oh, I could—I could———

Enter DAME GOURLIE *and* JESSIE, *followed by* HOBBIE *and* JANET.

Dame. Well, my lads and lasses, this ought to be a right merry time at the old farm-house: to day the betrothing, and then the wedding. [Hobbie *takes Cloak up stairs and hangs it up.*]—Come Donald, kiss your bride; tho' I'm her mother that says it, there's ne'er a bonnier lass in the island. [Donald *advancing, takes* Jessie's *Hand and kisses it.*]

Jes. Dear Donald! are you not glad this day will bind us for ever to each other.

Don Dearest Jessie, I can think of nothing but our approaching happiness.

Jes. Can I believe you?

Don. Why should you doubt me? what other *woman* can I ever love but you?

Jes. (*Giving him her hand.*) There now: that was the prettiest speech I have heard from you this long while.

Chr. (*To* Dame.) How pleased she looks; he's making her some fine flummery speech now. Lord help her, that's not the way he'd go to court her if he was a real lover.

Dame. And what would he do then you great booby?

Chr. Do as I do, stare at her for hours together, with his eyes and mouth wide open, and when he would say a sweet word or two, feel as if he had got a blue bottle there.

Dame. Ah, my poor Christie, all your jealousy won't prevent their marriage, I can tell you. [Dame *goes up with* Donald.]

Chr. And more shame for you, godmother, I'm sure if I'd thought you would have been so unnatural to me, I'd never have been your godson

Jes (*Turning to* Christie) My good Christie, you'll soon find some one to console you.—[Christie *turns away in anger.*]

What! are you so angry with me, you will not give me your hand?

Chr. (*Snatching her hand and devouring it with kisses.*] Oh, if you were always like this I'd forgive you all.

Jes. Poor Christie! [Christie *attempts to seize her hand again,* Donald *passes between them.*

Don. Nay, Jessie.

Chr. The savage! can't you let her even comfort me?

Dame. There, there, have done with these fooleries. Here come all the village lads and lasses with their bridal gifts.

Enter a group of young Girls, *followed by young* Peasants, U. E. L. H. *the former bearing gifts of various kinds.*

CHORUS.

See, here we bring,
Fresh flowers of spring,
Sweet as the bride, and blooming.
This pretty dove,
Coos faithful love—
This plaid—oh, how becoming!

Oh, still be theirs,
Life free from cares,
No thorns amongst Love's roses.
Be each fond breast,
The favour'd nest,
Where gentle Peace reposes.

[*The Chorus is first sung through by the* Girls, *who present to* Jessie *the various offerings—One young* Girl *gives her a Scotch plaid which she tries on, and then lays it on the arm Chair—The other presents are carried upstairs—The Corps de Ballet then dance a Highland Fling, during which the* Women *repeat the Chorus, and ultimately join in the Dance.*]

Jes. My good friends, how much I thank you all.

Dame. Is she not a bloomiug bride, my lasses? well, 'twill soon be your turn.

Chr. (*Aside.*) I could cry for spite to hear their talk, and I know he don't love her—no, that he don't.

Don. (*Aside.*) Vain are all my efforts; the form of that beauteous being is ever before my eyes.

Jes. (*Aside, observing* Donald.] How sad he looks, I know not what to think.

Don. (*Looking towards the Glass Doors.*] Could I but see her once more before—— [*Goes to Chimney—perceives* Hela *in the corner.*]—Heavens! you here? [*Drags him out.*]

All. (*Terrified.*) The Wizard of the Glen!

Dame. Oh, dear! oh, dear! some ill-luck will surely hap

pen! [Donald *rushes towards* Hela, *the* Peasants *retain* Donald.]

Don. (*Angrily.*) What brings you here?

Hela. That which brings all the rest: to see you betrothed to your young bride there.

Don. Be gone! mysterious fiend, your presence is always attended with some calamity!

Hela. What harm can a poor helpless being do to any one?

Don. Your diabolical arts and practices are well known. Begone—detested wretch! or———

Jes. (*Detaining him.*) Nay, Donald, let every one be welcome here on such a day as this.

Chr. Come, my lads! you'll let the poor body stay, won't you?

All. Yes! yes!

Hela. Thanks! thanks! my[illegible]n, and now I'll tell you fortunes.

CONCERTED PIECE.

Hela. And now your kindness to repay.
Give each a hand, your fates I'll tell.
Girls. Here's mine! here's mine
Hela. A moment stay
One at a time would be as well;
What's your wish, maiden, tell me true? [Looking at her Hand.]
1 Girl. Only a husband.
Hela. You'll have two.
1 Girl. Two thousand thanks!
All. Now me—now me!
Hela. One at a time, I say. Let's see
This pretty palm, I'm much afraid
You're born to live and die a maid.
2 Girl. A maid! you ugly fright, away!
I don't believe a word you say.
Hela. Perhaps you've cause. But won't the bride
Her fortune learn?
Jes. Oh, yes, I'd hear
What fate my wedding will betide
Hela. The happiest, you need not fear. [Looking at her Hand.]
Jes. Yet say, does Donald's bosom glow
For me—as mine for him? Speak!
Hela No! [General surprise.]
Don. Dare not to say so, cursed elf.
Chr. Stand off fear nothing; I myself
Will take your part, for spite of you
The Wizard o' the Glen speaks true.

Don. The wretch! the maniac! Jessie dear,
Believe not, trust not, what you hear.
Jes. My Donald's truth I'll never fear.
Chr. Well, time will shew,
But if you'd know,
Jessie's true love, ye see him here.
Hela. And Jessie, you
May shortly rue
Your scorn of Christie; tremble! fear!
Don & Jes. Fly, fiend! or it shall cost you dear! [To Hela.]
Jes. Yes, time will shew;
But well I know,
My Donald's vows are all sincere.
Don. Yes, time will shew,
But well I know,
My vows to Jessie are sincere.
Hence, hence—begone!
Or dread my anger!—
Fly, cursed one!
Rest here no longer.
Chorus,
Let him begone,
And calm thine anger,
His wiles are known,
Heed them no longer
Hela. Must I begone?
Oh, why this anger?
Your secret's known,
Deceive no longer.
Cho. Let him begone, &c.
Chr. No, don't begone!
Fear not his anger,
His secret's known,
He'll sham no longer.
Cho. Let him begone, &c.

[*Exit* Hela, *threatening* Donald, *who attempts to follow him but is prevented.*]

Don. Miserable impostor!

Dame. Be calm, Donald; no one believes his idle words

Chr. Yes, but I do, though; and it's a shame for you, Jessie, to marry a man that you're told does not love you.

Don. Christie, beware you do not provoke me too far.

Dame. Fie—fie, Donald—who ever heeds what Christie says.

Chr. But you must heed it, godmother. I tell you all will be on your head, if you let her marry him. Oh, Jessie—if

you want a real husband—a faithful husband—a loving husband—do as Hela bid you: take me.

Jes. Poor Christie! I do believe you, but———

Chr. (*Kneeling to her.*) She said "Poor Christie!" Oh, how my heart does go thumping. [*He is about to seize her Hand*—Donald *takes the place of* Jessie, *and* Christie, *still on his Knees, seizes his Hand in mistake, which he kisses.*] I swear by this little lily hand———

Don. (*Pushing him off.*) There, you stupid blockhead!

Chr. (*Getting up, confounded.*) Donald!

All. (*Laughing.*) Yes, with his little lily hand—ha, ha, ha!

Dame. Come, 'tis time to dress the bride for the betrothal. Baillie Macwhapple will soon be here with the marriage contract. Where are the bridesmaids?

Girls. Here! here!

Dame. Away, then, and if possible, make her handsomer than she is at present. [*Exit* Bridesmaids, *up Stairs.*] Come, Christie, draw some of our oldest ale———

Chr. Me draw! I'm sure I shall turn the ale sour if I look in the jug!

Deme. And I'll go and take a peep into the kitchen—the Baillie thinks the best part of a wedding is the eating and drinking! [*Exit* Dame, L. H. D. *The* Girls *lead* Jessie *up the Staircase.* Christie *looks mournfully after her, and exits into Cellar.* Peasants *go off by the Glass Doors.*]

RECITATIVE—DONALD.

Don. Poor Jessie! yes, she loves me! I'll requite
Her fond affection;—yet the strange delight
That magic kiss inspired still haunts me! When,
Enchanting fair, shall I behold again
That form bewitching, which must ever reign,
Fix'd firm, in Donald's all bewilder'd brain?

SONG—DONALD.

Art thou a form of mortal birth,
With charms so wond'rous fair?
Or cradled far beyond this earth,
Some spirit of the air?
Thy witching pow'r—whence does it flow?
Ought I thy spells to fear?
Oh! if thy love can bliss bestow,
Appear; appear! appear!

[*The Window bursts open as from a gust of Wind—The* Sylph *appears and descends.*]

RECITATIVE—DONALD.

Powers of enchantment! tell—oh, tell me, say—
Thou form angelic, far more bright
Than diamonds dipp'd in dazzling light—
Com'st thou to beckon me away
To dark perdition or to bliss?
Speak! I adjure thee by that kiss,
Which still I———

Sylph. Hush!

Don. What voice divine!
Oh, speak again, say, art thou mine?
Thou brightest queen of Donald's heart,
Say, who and what, and whence thou art?

Sylph. (Approaching.) Listen!

AIR—SYLPH.

Deep in the forest dell,
The Sylphid loves to dwell,
With the timid fawn,
Sporting at early dawn.
Or near some limpid stream,
Shunning the noontide beam;
Revels in shady bow'r,
Enamour'd of leaf and flow'r.

Oft with the Lark I soar,
Where stars their radiance pour;
Where the sunbeams rise;
In the eastern skies.
But, ah! no more I rove,
Chain'd by the tyrant love;
My sportive joys are o'er,
I weep,—and I adore.

Deep in a forest dell, &c.

Don. You weep! Oh, what sorrows can reach so angelic a being?

Sylph. Can you ask? You who to-day are about to plight your faith to another?

Don. You love me, then! Dare I believe it?

Sylph. Alas, it is my destiny. For thee I have forsaken my companions—my beloved haunts—my sports—my flowers. For ever near thee, I am thy watchful guard. When sultry heats oppress thee in the sylvan chase, my wings exhale a cooling air, your bosom heaves a sigh of pleasure, and I am blest!

Don. Her voice thrills to my soul! I have not power to resist the dangerous fascination.

Sylph. And when the shades of night descend, still I am at your side. A dream of love and bliss enchants you, 'tis I bestow it. The smile of pleasure plays upon your lips, fondly I press a kiss upon your brow. Ah, cruel one! that kiss but makes your heart beat warmer for another.

Don. (*Aside.*) She loves me! [*Aloud.*] Fairest creature! Where didst thou first behold me?

Sylph. You came to gather flowers upon the mountain's side At first I was offended, for those flowers were mine: but soon I wished them sweeter and more blooming, that they might oftener lure you to my retreat. [*Sighing.*] I knew not then you sought them for your bride. Ah, that bride! how fair she is! and I, too—Oh, if you did but love me!

Don. (*Snatching her Hand.*) Love you! Oh, heavens! But——[*Dropping her Hand.*] No, no—I dare not—honour forbids me.

Sylph. (*Mournfully.*) Farewell, then, for ever.

Don. No, no—for who could, unmoved, behold those eyes, that form, that mien—those charms despise——[*As he gazes on her, he loses all self-command; fascinated by her charms, he kisses her.*]

Enter CHRISTIE *with Jug, from the Cellar, and perceives the* Sylph *in the Arms of* Donald.

Chr. Ho, ho, there! here's fine doings! Jessie, Jessie!—Godmother, I say! [*Running up the Staircase.*]

Don. I'm lost—they come! [*The* Sylph *springs into the arm Chair, and* Donald *covers her with the Cloak or Plaid.*]

Enter JESSIE *and* DAME, *followed by Bridesmaids.*

Chr. I tell you I saw it with my own eyes—a woman, hugging and kissing a woman! [*Goes towards the Chair,* Donald *pushes him back.*]

Jes. (*Taking the Arm of* Donald.) Oh, Donald, speak! tell me it is not true!

Chr. (*Who has passed to the other side of the Chair.*) Not true, indeed! Look here; I'll shew you the impudent hussey. —[*Tears off the Cloak, the* Sylph has disappeared—*General surprise.*] Eh! how this? [*Stupified.*]

Dame. Aye, how's this, you mischief-maker?

Girl. Why, Christie, you've been tasting the ale, and see double this morning. Ha, ha, ha! [*All laugh at him.*]

Jes. (*Gravely.*) Fie, Christie, I did not think you capable of such a wicked invention!

Chris. And you too! But I tell you my eyes and myself both saw it—we can't be both mistaken.

Dame. Hold your tongue, 'tis your jealousy put this falsehood in your head.

Chr. [*Shaking the Cloak, and searching around the Chair.*] Why, hang it! where could he have hid her? Oh, if I can but catch the minx!

Dame. Dear heart! here be the Baillie waddling along, and all the lads coming to look for their partners. Janet, Hobbie, I say—[*Calling.*]—Quick. quick!

Enter BAILLIE MACWHAPPLE, *followed by the young* Villagers —JANET *and* HOBBY *at the same time carry in a Table, with Ale, Cakes, &c. which is placed near the Window.*

Bail. Good day, Dame; all the lads and lasses ready, eh? That's right—that's right, I like these merry meetings.

Dame. That you do, your worship, and you're always the merriest amongst us. Will your worship taste our ale?

Bail. And welcome, my good Dame. [Baillie *seats himself at the Table—The* Sylph *re-enters*—Donald *sees and pursues her —She crosses the Stage behind the Dancers, glides up the Staircase, and disappears behind a Scotch Cloak, which is hung against a panel of the upper Room*—Donald *pulls down the Cloak, and remains petrified with astonishment.*]

Jes. (*Perceiving the absence of* Donald.) Donald, Donald! where are you?

Dame. (*To* Donald.) What are you staring at there, man?

All. Donald, Donald! [Donald *slowly returns.*]

Bail. (*To* Dame, *offended.*) Your daughter has certainly very ardent bridegroom,

Chr. You deserve it, Jessie. I told you if you wanted a loving, fond, ardent——but 'tis no matter now!

Jes. (*Going to* Donald.) Donald! Donald! he neither sees nor hears me.—[*To* Dame—*weeping.*]—Dear mother, what is the meaning of all this?

Dame. Nothing, nothing, child! 'tis love that has turned his brain: marry him at once, that will bring him to his senses.

Bail. (*Coming forward.*) Well, Dame, where are the rings?

Dame. Here is my daughters, your worship.

Chr. Curse it, for a villainous ring!

Bail. And the bridegroom—is this he? [*Pointing to* Christie.]

Chr. I ought to be your worship, but———

Dame. Hold your tongue, fool! Donald, I say, your ring?

Don. (*Starting and advancing.*) The—the ring—here it is!—[*Aside.*]—I tremble, I know not why, 'tis a weakness I cannot overcome. [*As he holds out the Ring, the* Sylph *seizes it, and disappears up the Chimney.*]—Merciful powers! what has she done?

CONCERTED PIECE.

Jes. With hope and fear my bosom's swelling!
Chr. The grief I feel is past the telling!

CHORUS.

Now the maiden smiles and blushes,
As she breathes her timid vow;
Joy the bridegroom's cheek deep flushes,
Joy that lovers only know.

Bail. Be quick; let's gets this business over
Jes. Oh, happy hour for faithful lover!
Chr. Oh, direful hour for slighted lover!
Bail. [To Dame.] By right your signature is first. [She signs.]
Chr. With rage I think my heart will burst.

CHORUS.

Poor Christie! sure his heart will burst.

Bail. [To Jes.] Come, gentle bride, 'tis now your turn. [She signs.]
Chr By fits I shiver, and I burn.

CHORUS.

How hard in hopeless love to burn.

Bail. [To Don.] Now let the envied bridegroom sign.

Donald, *who has kept at some distance from the Table, now approaches, and is met by* Jessie.]

Don. [To Jes.] Jessie, you love me, do not fear—
[Apart.] Oh, what a wretched fate is mine.
[To Jes.] Still to be thine—now hear me swear!
[Apart.] This torture shall be borne.

[*The* Baillie *holds out the contract to* Donald, *who has taken up the Pen to sign; at the same moment the* Sylph *appears at the Window, and carries it off.*]

CHORUS.

What mystery is here—
Can no one this explain?

Bail. The contract's gone, that's clear
By Beelzebub, 'tis plain.

CHORUS.

Fatal omen! ills portending,
Tremble—tremble, hapless pair
Surely fate such token sending,
Bids you ere you wed beware

Jes. False such omen! ills portending!
What can harm a constant pair?
Love to my heart new courage lending.
Bids me of idle fears beware.

Chr. Blessed omen! good portending!
Sure the fates for me declare;
Or Cupid's self his succour lending,
Came to save me from despair.

[*During this ensemble, and the following cantabile, the* Baillie *is drawing out a new contract—All the* Guests *surround the Table.*]

Enter SYLPH.

Syl. [To Don.] Break—break, my heart! on earth's cold lap reposing,
Too sound my sleep to dream of even you;
Thou'rt lost to me—and life's dark scene is closing,
Too dear lov d mortal! hear my last adieu!
Break—break my heart.

[Donald *distracted, thinks only of the dange of losing his beloved* Sylph *for ever—She perceives his despair, and gently leads him away through the Glass Door in the Flat—*Christie *alone has observed his departure.*]

Bail. Well, here's the new contract.
Chr. He's gone, 'tis too late.
Jes. Gone!
Chr. Aye, with a bonnie lass,
All. Shame!
Bail. Shut the doors lest———
Chr. In sooth you're to blame,
For now the stud's stole, you're for closing the gate.

Bail. } What an outrage! falsely breaking
Dame } All the solemn vows he swore;
Chorus } Let us follow, vengeance taking,
He shall never see her more!

Chris. Glad my heart is, that was breaking,
When I thought all hope was o'er;
I almost fear I am not waking,
Heav'n grant we'll see him here no more!

Jes. Cruel lover! thus forsaking,
Her you promised to adore;
Oh, I feel my heart is breaking,
At the thought we meet no more!

[*All the Men rush out by the Glass Doors in the Flat, led by the* Baillie—Jessie *falls fainting in the Arms of her Mother and the Bridesmaids—Tableau—*Christie *kneels before her, and kisses her Hand; then starting up, snatches a Gun from the Chimney and runs off after the rest.*

SCENE II.—*A narrow Dell of Rocks, at the Foot of a Mountain.*

Enter CHRISTIE, *followed by* HOBBIE *and* Villagers.

Hob. A fine tramp we shall have of it, through bushes and briars.

Chr. And where else, think ye, are we to look for Donald When a woman runs away with a young man, it isn't likely she'd go hide him in the high road?

1 *Vil.* But this is not a *real* woman—this is a—a———

Chr. A *siffle*—why, can't you remember the name?

2 *Vil.* And what *is* a siffle, Christie?

Chr. A siffle is—is a kind of a fairy with wings, that hides in the hollow of a tree like a woodpecker, or in the clefts of a rock like a young eagle.

Hob. Heaven save us! I told you, Master Christie, when you laughed at ghosts yesterday, 'twas because you know'd nothing.

Chr. Well, well—don't let us lose our time. Godmother has promised me Jessie, if I find the runaway Donald.

1 *Vil.* In my mind you'll have more chance with the lassie herself if you leave him just as he is, with his siffle.

Chr. (*Aside.*) That's my own opinion too; and for that reason I'm leading them as far astray as I can.

Enter HELA, L. H.

Villagers. (*Starting back—alarmed.*) The saints preserve us —Hela again!

Helo. Good day, my children—good day. So, you've not found him, after all your search.

Chr. (*To* Vil.) He knows everything.

Hela. (*To* Chr.) I know, too, that you will soon gain the wish of your heart.

Chr. Hear that, lads. I told you the wizard body—the—the kind Hela was my friend.

Hela. That I am, Christie—you protected me when Donald insulted me; but—[*With fury.*]—he shall soon find what it is to brave my power.

1 *Vil.* (*Aside.*) His eyes shoot fire! let's be off!

Hela. (*Aside to* Christie.) Send them in the direction they'll be sure not to find him.

Chr. How shall I know that!

Hela. He's there, behind you mountain. [*Pointing to* R. H

Chr. Thank you, kind Hela. [*Aloud to* Vil.] Away, then, to

the left, and if you don't find him, it is not your fault. [*Aside.* Now I'll find Mr. Donald out at his tricks. [*Exeunt* Christie R. H.—Villagers *and* Hobbie. L. H.]

Hela And I go to secure his happiness, and my revenge.

RECITATIVE.

To me what's mortal happiness? My fate
Forbids a hope of pleasure. Yet to buy
Revenge—on Donald, too—I'll sacrifice
The pangs I'd on his rival else bestow.

SCENA.

Man's misfortune glads my soul,
Yet I did not always know
The fires which now my heart control,
The joy to witness others woe.
In days gone by,
Alas, 'was I,
A flow'ret, gay as rare,
With heart as mild,
As infant child,
And features, too, as fair.

But doom'd to prove,
The shafts of love,
From early virtues wean'd,
From good estranged,
Love's poison changed,
The flow'ret to a fiend.

Now, Jealousy, Anger, Revenge, and fell Hate,
My soul have seduced, and so mingled my fate,
From passion to passion I fly, and the slave
Of passion can only find rest in the grave.
Lightnings flash and thunders roar,
Hela tastes of peace no more;
Shrieks and groans pervade the air,
Guilt rejoices in despair!

[*Exit* Hela, R. H.

SCENE III,—*A lonely spot on the Sea Shore. To the* R. *a rugged Rock, at the foot of which is a Cavern. Before the Cavern is a Fire Burning, over which is a large Cauldron On the ground are seen a Death's Head, two Globes, the Skulls of various Animals, Toads, Snakes, and other venomous Reptiles. Three* Witches *are discovered standing on a mound, in the attitude of listening. Stage Dark. The Scene opens to slow mystic Music. As the Invocation proceeds, the Sea becomes more agitated.*

INVOCATION.

Hela. [In the Cavern.] Haste, spirits, hither throng.
Trooping to our brazen gong!

[*The Gong in the Cavern mixes with the last Note. A rushing sound is heard outside—the Wind whistles.*]

I hear, I hear them sweep along,
Summon'd by the brazen gong!

Enter HELA, *from Cavern.*

Enter a Groupe of Witches, *each holding a red Lanthorn lighted, and each accompanied by an Imp, holding a Broomstick, round the top of which plays a Will o'the Wisp—each is also preceded by some hideous Animal.*]

CHORUS OF FEMALE WITCHES.

Charming sister, here we've rid,
From sulphur caverns merrily, merrily.
Speak thy will, whate'er we're bid
By thee, we'll do right cheerily.

Shall we curse, or shall we kill,
Or merely torture merrily, merrily.
Thou know'st we joy in working ill,
'Tis that makes time pass cheerily, cheerily.

[*The* Witches *hand their Lanthorns to the Imps, and surround the Cauldron. The Animals dance round with grotesque gambols.*]

1 Witch. In haunted cove, and desert creek,
With more than mortal tongue dare speak.
We do our deeds! In magic hoary!
All that make a witch's glory!

Chorus. All that make, &c.

[*They all laugh with ferocious mirth.*

Hela. In storms we raise the shipwreck'd dead,
From graves we call the spirit fled
Theme for many a midnight story!
All that make a witch's glory!

Chorus. All that make, &c.

[*They all laugh, as before*

1 *Witch.* (*To* Hela.) Now tell us, beloved of the King of Fiends, what most thou demand from our art?

Hela. The destruction of an enemy!

Witches. A mortal?

Hela. More hateful still—a sylph!

Witches. (*With a cry of rage.*) A sylph! a sylph!

Hela. Your fury charms me. Vengeance!

All. Vengeance! vengeance?

Hela. (*Stirring up the Cauldron, which emits a blue sulphureous smoke.*) See, the charm works! Now to summon those whose power must aid us!—[*An Imp presents him with a Rod, which lights of itself. He traces a flaming circle around the Cauldron—the Sea becomes much agitated.*]

Infernal spirits—hellish powers!
By the compact that is ours.

Haste from the realms of endless fire,
To aid a work of vengeance dire !

CHORUS.

We come ! we come !
Trooping to the brazen gong !

[*Burst of Music mingling with the Gong—the Cauldron becomes red hot.* ASTAROTH, *supported by Two* Demons, *rises. At the same instant enter a troop of infernal Spirits. Each Demon carries a flaming Sword.* Hela *remains at the Cauldron. Three* Witches *stride hastily towards* Astaroth, *and with one action cast back their hoods and stand before him, with their right arm extended, and bow.*]

Witches. To our mighty master we
Bow, as slaves, before his knee.

[*They dance round the Cauldron for a few seconds.* Astaroth *approaches the Cauldron, takes a goblet filled with a flaming liquid, and pours it in. Red and blue flames rise from Cauldron* Hela *advances, and draws forth a Silken Scarf.*]

CHORUS.

Hail to our master ! he whose sway,
Hell's terrific realms obey.
In the fell ingredients throw !
Now our charm has wrought its woe !
Thunders burst, and boil the sea !
Dance about, with witches glee !
Let our timbrels shake the air !
Our delight is man's despair !

[*During the Chorus the Witches and Demons join hands. The Demons, with the flaming Swords form diabolical dances with the Witches. The Imps and Animals gambol in the most grotesque manner, the Sea becomes a bed of Flames, and the Transparency in the Flat is filled with hideous Nondescripts. Tableau.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Glade in a Forest. A mountainous Country in Flat, through the Vista is seen a distant view of the Village, the Church upon an eminence ; to the front upon the left, is a large beech tree ; to the right, a grotto, the entrance covered with rose Trees and flowering Shrubs.*

DONALD *is seen descending with difficulty a rocky path of the Mountain, while the* Sylph *appears to slide down; she flutters her Wings, and seems scarcely to touch the Earth with her Feet.*

INTRODUCTION.

Don. Whither, oh, whither would'st thou lead?
Sylph. And can you, love, so soon forget
That mountain side, this daisied mead
Don. Oh, no; then wherefore fly me yet?
Sylph. Men are so fickle.
Don. You speak not of me,
Who faithful and true,
Loves no one but you.
Sylph. Oh, wait till my sister Sylphs you see

SOLO—SYLPH.

From the rose-cover'd bowers,
From the waves of the fountain,
Or from seeking wild flowers
Midst the moss of the mountain.
Hither—hither—haste to me,
Sportive Sylphs where'er ye be.

Enter Sylphs *from all sides, some are seen flitting down the Mountain, others issue from the Grotto behind the rose Trees, Shrubs, &c. their Wings of various colours, blue, rose, and violet, they flit round and round, forming graceful groups.*

CHORUS OF SYLPHS.

Nor rose-twin'd bower,
Nor sweetest flower,
To us can yield such pleasure;
As when with thee,
In sportive glee,
We trip a fairy measure.

[Donald *attempts to clasp the* Sylph *in his Arms, but she escapes from him, while the other* Sylphs *dance round him; again he tries to seize her, but she eludes him, he in mistake is about to embrace another* Sylph; *the* Sylph *enters softly behind him.*]

Sylph. (*To* Donald.) Ah! is this a mortal's love: is it thus they prove their faith? [*She again disappears.*]

Don. (*Alone.*) She leaves me! mocks at my ardent passion! Am I then but the sport of an inexplicable being? yet a being so enchanting, that I feel she is become dearer to me than existence.

SONG—DONALD.

Can'st thou love—yet coldly fly me?
Beauteous riddle that thou art!
Softly smile, and then deny me,
When I'd press thee to my heart.
Like a lovely sportive child,
Trifling with thy lover's pain;
Whilst a glance so sweetly wild,
Tells me, I'm beloved again.

Oh, th' extremes of bliss and anguish,
Mingle in my fever'd breast;
Now in hopeless woe I languish,
Then in fancy am most blest.
Yet my fate I'll not upbraid,
For I wish not to be free;
Since an age of pain is paid,
By one tender smile from thee!

[Christie *appears peeping from behind a Rock*, L. H.—Donald *perceives him.*]

Don. Heavens! Christie here! I am then discovered.

Chr. (*Coming forward.*) So 'tis here I find you at last!

Don. And here I will remain for ever, good, kind, Christie, you will not betray my retreat?

Chr. I betray you? That's what I won't, I promise you. Do you think I wish you to come back? Not I, faith; stay and welcome, since you are so happy here.

Don. But Jessy—poor Jessy! tell me, does she not execrate me?

Chr. Why, at first to be sure, she was a little glummish, but afterwards—[*significantly.*]—the women—you know there was the Dame, she was in a fine fury. "What an abomination," cried she, "a vile perjured wretch!" But godmother, says I, for my part I don't blame Donald.

Don. And yet I have been very guilty.

Chr. Oh, don't make yourself uneasy, 'tis a thing happens every day: a man jilts one woman for another because she's richer or handsomer; and your new one, to say the truth, has a sort of beauty that—that———

Don. You have seen her, then?

Chr. Yes, through the trees. She's a fine figure of a woman—that she is; but—but, there's one thing that's queerish, in my mind, she has got wings, eh?

Don. She has.

Chr. And don't you find them awkward at times? mayhap you like her the better for the novelty?

Don. Oh, no, those wings drive me to despair. When I would retain her near me, they bear her, like lightning, beyond my reach; and yet it is that very grace, that aerial lightness that fascinates my soul.

Chr. (*Aside.*) Oh, that's the way to fascinate; when I see Jessie I'll fascinate her so! Ah, ah, who knows if I were to try but Jessie might—yes, I'll try.

Don. When I attempt to seize her hand, and speak to her of my transports, with childish playfulness she vanishes from my sight.

Chr. Ah, I see! [*The* Sylph *appears,* U. E. L. H. *and beckons* Donald—*He hastens to her, and they exeunt* U. E. L. H.] You'd squeeze her hand—and crack—she gone! How a man does feel then, sure enough! You say, stay—stay! and off she flies; and the more she wouldn't, the more you would, eh? Well, all that I can say, Donald, is—[*Turning round.*]—Eh, Donald—Donald, I. say! is he flown away too?—[*Looking about.*]—and I wanted him to teach me how the siffle—hang it! if here ben't Jessie herself; now for a little aerial grace, and——— [*Retires* R. H.]

Enter JESSIE, L. H.

Jes. Yes, I will end this state of torturing suspence: this is the way to the wizard's cave, and I will know the worst from him.

SONG—JESSIE.

Thou art not he, whose looks of love,
Did this poor heart beguile—
Thou art not he, who fondly strove
To win from me a smile.
Oh, no! for he would weep to see,
The tears that fall unmark'd by thee—
Thou art not he—thou art not he!

Thou art not he, who lately vow'd
For me he'd spurn a throne;
Whose ardent glance amidst the crowd;
Sought mine—and mine alone.
His form is thine—but could it be—
Could e'er his heart be cold to me?
Oh, no; 'tis false—thou art not he!

Jes. Alas! how can I still think of him after his cruel desertion? he for whom I disdained the poor, faithful Christie.

Enter CHRISTIE

Chr. Oh, say that again—it makes my heart jump up into my mouth!

Jes. I—I said nothing!

Chr. Yes, yes, you did, though—you said———

Jes. But I did not think you were there. Tell me, Christie have you seen ———

Chr. (*Interrupting her.*) No, no! though to please you Jessie, I have been looking for him everywhere.

Jes. Poor Christie! your affection is indeed true, when it leads you even to sacrifice your own feelings to gratify me.

Chr. (*Aside.*) She pities me! Now to try the seducing ways of the siffle. [*Looks at* Jessie.]

Jes. Poor fellow! his senses are affected, and it is for me—for me, who treated him so unkindly. [*Advances to take his Hand.*]

Chr. (*Snatching away his Hand abruptly—Aside.*) It takes already.

Jes. Christie—good, kind Christie—be calm!

Chr. (*Aside.*) Who would have thought she'd come round so soon? [*Looks at himself with affectation.*]

Jes. Dearest Christie! who knows but some day or other——

Chr. (*Seizing her Hand, and throwing himself at her Feet.*) Dearest Jessie! I'm so glad, my brain is turning! One kiss.

Enter HELA, R. H.

Hela. That's well, my children, that's well.

Chr. (*Aside to* Hela.) It is well—I'm so happy! You see Iv'e found the way at last.

Hela. (*To* Jessie.) I know the purpose of your intended visit to me. Donald is for ever lost to you. See here the true and faithful lover of whom the fates will that you shall be the happy wife.—[*Joining their Hands*]—Go, then, and fulfil your destiny.

Chr. Yes, come dear Jessie Oh, happy me! Oh, lovely Jessie! Oh, fascinating Christie!

[*Exit, leading off* Jessie 1 E. R. H

Hela. So far all works according to my wishes. The sigh of human happiness is wormwood to my soul, even this scene, so soft, so beautiful, it suits me not: I'll seek one more fitted to my purpose.

SONG—HELA.

Farewell to the mountain
And sun-lighted vale,

The moss-border'd streamlet,
And balm-breathing gale.
All so bright, all so fair,
Here a seraph might dwell;
'Tis too lovely for me,
Farewell! oh, farewell!

Farewell! for how sweetly
Each sound meets mine ear,
The wild bee and butterfly,
They may rest here.
Hark! their hum how it blends
With the deep convent bell;
Such strains are of heaven,
Farewell oh, farewell!

Hela. But, hold! here comes my detested enemy.—[*Enter* DONALD, L. H.]—Now is the moment. What ails you, Donald?

Don. Whatever it may be, 'tis no concern of yours.

Hela. You might, at least, tell me your griefs, and who knows but I———

Don. Well, then, I am the most miserable of men. I love, I adore, an inexplicable being! I see her, I hear her, but, like an airy vision, she for ever eludes my grasp.

Hela. Poor youth! I pity you, for I know the object of your passion. You love a Sylph—ah! to render them constant is indeed a difficult task; yet I do know of a talisman that might aid you.

Don. A talisman! is it possible? Oh, give it to me, and all I possess is yours.

Hela. Ha, ha! why you lately scoffed at my power

Don Because I was a fool—a madman! but I truly repent my conduct

Hela. Well, then, you shall find I bear no malice.

Don. Good, kind, Hela, how I wronged you!

Hela. Here, take this scarf. [*Drawing forth the one he had taken from the Cauldron.*]

TRIO—HELA, DONALD, SYLPH.

Hela. This magic-wove scarf round her beauties entwine
From its folds to escape she may struggle in vain;
Her powers subdued, she'll for ever be thine,
And never—no, never, will quit thee again.

Don. Thy kindness my gratitude ever insures—
My fate's in your hands.

Hela [Apart] And my vengeance is yours.

[Hela *retires to back of Stage*---*The* Sylph *appears examining a Bird's Nest*—Donald *displays the Scarf.*]

Sylph. What a beauteous scarf.
Don. 'Tis for thee.
Sylph. Me!
Hela. [Apart.] Yes, thee.
Don. & Sylph. There's an echo.
Sylph. But look at this innocent pair,
Yet to-morrow they'll fly me.
Hela. [Apart.] To-morrow will see
Thy downfall!
Don. Then clip both their wings,
Sylph. 'Twere not fair;
No, they freely shall range,
Don. Give them me in exchange;
For thy sake I'll love them, Oh, trust to my care.
Sylph. To be pris'ners? Oh, no, they are free as the air.
[*Gives them to* Attendant, *who exit.*]

Hela. [Apart.] Thyself shall be pris'ner, and slave to despair.
Don. Let them go! but from me thou like them ne'er shall fly
[*Throws Scarf round her—Wings drop off.*]

Enter Sylphs, R. H. L. H.

Sylphs. [Shrieks.] Ah!
Sylph. I'm spell bound! Oh, mercy, release me, I die!
Hela. [Apart] She's conquer'd! from vengeance no more can she fly.
Don. She sinks! help! Oh, aid, or my fair one will die!
} Together.

[*She appears sinking to the Earth, the* Sylphs *surround her and bear her to the back*]
Don. (*In despair.*) Wretch that I am!

HELA *comes forward.*

Hela. I have triumphed! My vengeance is complete!
Don. (*Furiously.*) Accursed sorcerer! thou hast deceived me! but death shall release me also! [*Rushing off.*]
Hela. [*Seizing* Donald *by the Arm.*] No, thou shalt live, that I may rejoice in thy anguish.

SCENA—HELA.

See there, what thou hast cast away—
A treasure worlds could not repay!
A fond and faithful virgin heart—
Look and behold how curst thou art!

[Donald's *Eyes follow the direction of his withered Hand, and through the vista of the Mountain is seen the Bridal procession of* Jessie *and* Christie *ascending the eminence to the Church--The Village Bells are heard in the distance ringing a merry peal*—Donald *attempts to rush out at the opposite side.*]

Thou grovelling worm that dar'd to think,
Thy earthborn nature thou could'st link
With that of spirit of the air;
Presumption's punishment see there!
Ha, ha, ha! there's mirth below
At the sight of human woe!
We the demon s pleasure share—
Our delight is man's despair.
Chorus. Ha, ha, ha! there's mirth below.

[*Exit* Hela.

[*Nearly at the conclusion of the Chorus* Astaroth *rises by Trap and stands over the prostrate form of the* Sylph *—The* Sylphs *rush out*—Astaroth *sinks with the* Sylph—Donald *throws himself on the Ground in a state of agonized frenzy—A strain of soft and heavenly harmony is heard, which becomes loude —The Clouds that darkened the Stage now all disperse, and a light and luminous Cloud is seen*—Etheria, *the Queen of the* Sylphs *appears, standing in the midst of the dazzling vapour, holding a Golden Rose in her Hand.*]

Ethe. Is this the boasted fortitude of man? Arise!

Don. (*Rising.*) Who art thou? Ah! why bring back the memory of one I've lost for ever!

Ethe. It may be to restore her to you, though now subject to hateful beings who dwell in nether flames, the salamandrine race, whose burning bosoms no drop of mercy for a captive e'er yet cooled.

Don. What power may release her?

Ethe. One far surpassing mine, if thou hast faith and courage to bear it to her.

Don. Be death, or worse than death between us, my love will leap the gulf.

Ethe. And those must find an honest uncontaminated heart to aid thee in the perilious adventure.

Don. Ah! where is the heart that loves like Donald?

Ethe. One which may owe its happiness to Donald's falsehood.

Don. Ah! I own—the simple Christie. And will he befriend a rival?

Ethe. Try him.

Don. And the promised power?

Ethe. Lies in a talisman within this rose.—[*Gives it.*]—A consecrated relic of such sacred power, 'twere sacrilege to name it. While you wear it, thyself, and him thou lead'st shall be unseen.

Don. And whither?

Ethe. Dost thou know the sulpher well, near that misshapen mass, which rustic fear has named the Dragon's Rock?

Don. Haunts of the hated Hela—yes, too well I know them.

Ethe. Touch'd with that rose, they'll yield admittance to the dreadful region, where thy love is degraded to a slave, and by its odoriferous balm infuse comfort around her. I can no further aid thee—haste and prosper! [*She disappears.*]

Don. Hope once more dawns, and see the partner of my fearful task.

Enter JESSIE, CHRISTIE *and* Dame.

Jes. Donald unhappy! ah!

Dame. Don't go near him, child, you may be sure he's bewitched.

Chr. And I'm sure I am bewitched by Jessie, so I've a fellow feeling. How be you, Donald? how be you lad?

Don. (*Crosses to* Christie, *then puts* Jessie's *lover to* R. H.) All will be well with your assistance, Christie. Dear Jessie, take this honest hand from me; pardon, oh, pardon my defection, Jessie, and thank me one day for a better heart than Donald has to offer. [*Crosses to* R. H.]

Chr. (*Apart.*) En, but there be a bit of heart in that though.

Jes. When Donald's happy, Jessie will be Christie's.

Chr. And aught that Christie can do for Jessie, or for Donald, you'll command.

Don. Dare you go with me to the Sulphur Well?

Chr. Aye, were it to the——— [Dame *stopping his Mouth with her Hand.*]

Dame. Hold your tongue, and seek no evil.

Don. 'Tis to conquer evil.

Jes. Go, then, dear Christie.

Chr. "Dear Christie!" that's twice she has called me so. On with you, my lad, [*Crosses to* L. H.

Don. & Jes. Generous fellow!

Dame. Rash, fool-hardy boy!

Don. Away! for love and fortune!

[*Exit* Dame, *led off by* JESSIE R. H. Donald *and* Christie *opposite*, L. H.]

SCENE II.—*Salamandrine Caverns.*

Enter DONALD *and* CHRISTIE, *looking about.*

Don. Does your heart fail you, or will you still go on?

Chr. Dang it, it is an ugsome place, sure enough. I've a bit of an old horse-shoe granny gave me, against warlocks and witches, and you've got the relic. Eh, bless me! what's that?

Don. Nothing.

Chr. That's the very thing ye bid me be afraid of There again! What's that?

Don. I heard nothing—saw nothing———

Chr. Curse nothing! It's the second time nothing has frightened me.

Don. Think of your marriage with Jessie—and then———

Chr. I will do my best. But what place is this?

Don. These are the fearful regions of the salamanders

Chr. Sally who?

Don. The fiends of flame.

Chr. Then we shall burn our fingers. But where's the lady?

Don. She comes! Hush! let's observe her. (*They retire,* U. E. R. H.]

Enter SYLPH, U. E. L. H.

Sylph. Beloved mortal! for whom I have resigned immortality, and am imprisoned in these depths of horror, hast thou, in Jessie's arms, forgotten me? Alas, 'twas my destiny. I could not bestow happiness on a mortal. One sad, sweet thought of Donald, and then farewell to being!

SONG—SYLPH.

Say could I live, if he I love
An early grave must find?
A lonely thing on earth to rove,
Like leaf before the wind.

Oh, no! if chilling death must come,
With him I love I'll die,
I fear not e'en the cold dark tomb,
If on his breast I lie.

Sylph. Ha! my tormentors come! From their fell presence I shrink as from death!

Enter Two Salamanders, U. E. L. H.

1 *Sal.* How now? idling! To work—to work, dull thing!

Sylph. I have done all my fragile powers permit.

1 *Sal.* You must do more! Eh? art thou not our slave

Sylph. Alas!

Chr. (*Involuntarily.*) The ill-looking scoundrels!

1 *Sal.* What's that?

2 *Sal.* The echo of your voice. Let us go our rounds.—[Donald *and* Christie *cross to* U. E. L. H.] Our comrades hold nightly banquet here! See all be ready, or, frail Sylphid, tremble! [*Exeunt* Salamanders, U. E, R. H.

Sylph. Short respite! There is no remedy but one—'tis desperate! But, lost to him I love—my freedom lost—my fate and person in polluted hands—this subtle poison——[Donald *touches the Vial with the Rose—she drops it, and it breaks.*] Ha! some guardian power comforts and assures me. Despair avaunt! I'll to my task once more, and woo return of hope. The wine and fruits are in the inner cave. How buoyant are my steps to what they were. [*Exit.*

Don. Saved from destruction, though small the recompense for all the woes my love has wrought her. Still it is some, and gives an earnest yet of greater. Should I at last——

Chr. Eh, lad! let's help her, then, to do the work—she can't see us. [*They place Tripods, &c. as seats round the Table for Banquet. The* Sylph *reappears with Fruit and Wine.* Donald *and* Christie *withdraw unseen.*]

Sylph. Ha! my work done for me! Another generous omen! but my tyrants come! [*Draws back.*]

Enter HELA, MORNA, ELSPA, KELPIE.

Chr. What devils are these in the form of Maggie Mac Grubbins, Tibbey Fowler, Cummer Malkin, and Granny Burns?

Don. Peace, on your life!

Hela. Welcome, Cummers! Our victim here is safe—the banquet ready, at which we must appear as the true votaries of fiery Astaroth!

Chr. All devils, by my conscience!

Hela. Behold our salamandrine brethren! Hail! hail!

Enter Salamanders.

Salamanders. Hail! hail!

Chr. I'll give that Tibbie Fowler a rap o'the head!

Don. Hush!

Chr. They cannot see us!

Hela. We'll drink to our mighty master!

Salamanders. To our mighty master! [*They charge, and sing the following Chorus.*]

CHORUS OF SALAMANDERS.

Chorus We'll drink to our master, who holds his dark reign,
Where treasure is torment, and pleasure is pain,
Where hate and revenge, each with poisonous dart,

Rage—rage—rage
Rage in the bosom, and torture the heart
[*Exeunt* Salamanders—*Tripods and Table sink.*

FINALE.

Hela. Some curs'd ætherial influence spoils the charm,
Arrests my purpose, and unnerves my arm;
But death-like slumber, wrought from spells below
Shall lull each sense while Hela strikes the blow!
[Hela *attempts to stab the* Sylph.

Sylph. What! anguor my vision subdues,
What weight o'er each sense seems to creep
I'll rouse me—no, fain I'd refuse,
But resistless—thy power—oh, sleep!

Don. Some magic her sense steals away,
Her slumber is fearful and deep;
But beside thee thy Donald will stay,
And guard his Eolia in sleep.

Hela. While thus the dread spell I essay,
Oblivion her senses shall steep;
And ere she again see the day,
This steel makes eternal her sleep.

[*Goes to stab her*—Donald *touches the Dagger with the Rose*—*it breaks*—*General burst.*]

Sylph. [Starting up.] What visions of brightness around me prevail
And whisper my foes shall no longer assail.

Don. The demon is foil'd, virtue's pow'rs yet prevail,
And the spells of the fiend shall no longer assail.

Hela. Once more am I foil'd, adverse pow'rs still assail,
But the spells of our master at length shall prevail.

Don. She's saved! and Donald on his knee,
In rapture hails the happy day.
When blest, Eolia dear, with thee,
He'll love and laugh thy cares away.

Hela. She's saved! but yet our foes shall see
That Astaroth holds deadly sway,
Nor shall weak man permitted be,
To cheat our master of his prey.

Sylph. Ah saved! thus let me on my knee
In gratitude my heart display,
And hope, that Donald dear, with thee
And love, my cares will pass away

Sylphs. [Without.] She's saved! to heaven she bends the knee,
Pure love and truth assert their sway;
A mortal, she'll immortal be!
The demon crew must yield their prey;
She's saved! she's saved!

[*Exit* Hela.

Mountains and Lake of the Sylphid Queen.

ETHERIA, *surrounded by her* Sylphs, *appears standing in a luminous circle. She waves on* Jessie, Dame, *and Bridal Party, who are conducted in by a party of* Sylphs, R. H.—*Another party bring in* Donald, Christie, *and* Eolia, L. H.—*They bend before* Etheria—Christie *runs to* Jessie, *who embraces him.*

RECITATIVE.

Ethe. Mortals arise! learn faithful love
Is still protected from above,
In vain demoniac spells were tried,
To break affection's golden chain;
The faithful lover wins his bride,
My power restores thy Sylph again
But tho' I snatch her rom the tomb,
To be a mortal is her doom.

CHORUS.

Now with feast, and dance, and song
Celebrate this happy night;
Virtue triumphs over wrong,
Might has yielded unto right.
Hail the truth, that faithful love
Still is guarded from above;
Hail, Sylphs, Hail!

[*During the Chorus* Sylphs *dance. At the conclusion* Dame Gourlie *bestows her blessing, in dumb show, on* Christie *and* Jessie, *who kneel before her,* R. H.—Etheria *waves her wand over* Eolia *and* Donald, L. H. *Tableau.*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS